The other to enioy by rage and war.
These signes forerunne the death of Kings,
Farewel, our countrymen are gone and fled,
As wel assured Richard their King is dead,
Salisb. Ah Richard! with eyes of heauie mind,
I see thy glory like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament,
Thy sunne sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing stormes to come, woe, and vntest,
Thy friendes are fled to waite vpon thy foes,
And crossly to thy good al fortune goes.

Enter Duke of Hereford, Yorke, Northumberland, Bushie and Greene prisoners.

Bull. Bring forth these men.
Bushie and Greene I will not vexe your soules:
Since presently your soules must part your bodyes,
With too much vrging your pernitious liues,
For twere no charity; yet to wash your blood,
From off my hands; here in the view of men
I will vnfold some causes of your deaths,
You haue misled a Prince, a royall King,
A happie Gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you vnhappied and disfigured cleane,
You haue in manner with your sinful houres,
Made a diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the possession of a royall bed,
And stainde the beautie of a faire Queenes cheekes
With teares drawne from her eies with your foule wrongs.
My selfe a Prince by fortune of my birth,
Neare to the King in blood, and neare in loue,
Til they did make him misinterpret me,
Haue stoopt my necke vnder your iniuries,
And sigh't my English breath in forren cloudes,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment,
While you haue fed vpon my signiories,
Dispark't my parks, and felld my forrest woods,
From my owne windowes torne my household coate,
Rac't out my impreese, leauing me no signe,

Saue